

Ladies' Department.

TRAIN THE WORKING POWER.

It may be a very good thing for a boy to have a great deal of native talent, to be noted among his acquaintances as "a very smart boy—one who is sure to make his mark in the world;" but it is still a very dangerous thing. It is a little curious that we seldom hear much of these remarkable boys in after-life. They generally sink into very commonplace people at the very best; oftener they are wholly spoiled by injudicious flattery in early life. No boy, however talented, will ever accomplish much whose working power is not well trained. In whatever line that work may be, he must apply himself to it with an intense purpose, a tireless industry.

Sir Robert Peel was not a boy of brilliant talents, and he doubtless owed his greatness more to his father's early training than to anything else. He was early drilled in the art of extemporaneous speaking, and when he went to the parish church of Drayton, he was called upon on his return, to repeat all he could remember of the sermon. At first this was very little; but, by a steady perseverance, he at last came to repeat nearly all the sermon every Sunday.

No doubt those who listened to his burning words in the halls of Parliament, and were astonished at his wonderful memory in recalling point after point used by his opponents, considered this a remarkable gift of nature; but he knew to whom he was indebted for the ability.

It is astonishing what can be accomplished by constant repetition, and how easy this repetition makes any task. No matter how hard it may seem at first, keep at it, and the difficulties will all vanish. Strive to excel in your business, if it is only cleaning knives; but always keep your eyes open for the best situation you can procure. By being "faithful in that which is least," you are qualifying yourself for something better and higher. "Unto him that hath shall more be given."—*Presbyterian.*

FROM HIS PLAY.

BY MRS. M. E. RANGSTER.

I read in a blotted letter
A sorrowful page to-day;
It tenderly told of a darling child
Suddenly caught from his play:
Climbing the moment and shouting,
The next—a slip and a fall;
They bore him home to his mother;
He died—and that was all!

All! It is said so often,
And yet I comprehend
Somewhat of your depth of darkness,
O sorely stricken friend!
As I think with a chill foreboding,
How blank this world would be
If the wing of the desolate angel
Should bear my boy from me.

Yet, sweet, let it soothe your sorrow,
That not by the bridge of pain
Your little one crossed the river,
And stood on the shining plain;
That you keep no moan of anguish
In your thought of the gleeful boy,
But the ring of his musical laughter,
A very peal of joy!

One quivering breath, and the eyelids
Drooped over the deep blue eyes,
That opened a moment later,
In the flash of a sweet surprise!
For surely this was the city
With crystal walls of light,
And that was the sea of Jasper,
Where never falleth night.

His mother had told him often,
In the pauses of her song,
While over him in the evening light
Would soft dream shadows throng
How the other side of the sunset,

In wonderful light serene,
More beautiful than the morning,
There lay a world unseen,

Where the pilgrims, great or little,
Who walk this earth of ours,
Should rest them under the tree of light,
Amid unfading flowers;
Where waited the loving Jesus,
Who heard his loving prayer,
To gather the wee ones in his arms,
And bid them welcome there.

So it was not like a stranger,
Sure not of right nor of way,
The dear one felt when he found himself
At home on that sudden day;
For borne by a swift translation
To the Master's feet above,
The Master himself would teach him soon
The perfect lore of love.

As I linger over your letter,
Tear-stained, I seem to see
That house bereft, where a heartache
For many a month shall be;
Where the silence strains to listen
For a step that nevermore
Shall bound in its thoughtful freedom
Across the desolate floor!

But I gaze beyond the waters
That ripple at my feet,
And far and far through the autumn sky,
So strangely still and sweet,
And I think how well had it been for some
Who wearily work away,
If heaven had stooped to lift them up
From their brief bright childhood's play!

SOME HOME-MADE FUN.

Potato pantomimes may be as old as the hills, but we confess not to have heard of or seen them until quite lately. So, perhaps, you have not.

Take a good-sized potato with a smooth skin; cut out nose, eyes, and mouth; twist curled hair into the shape of a wig and whiskers or mustache, and fasten on with pins; and then make a hole for the forefinger to go into; this gives the head a throat.

Wrap a bit of cloth, a handkerchief or what not round the hand, arranging one corner of it round the thumb, and the other around the second finger. Then you have a little man with hands and arms, capable of bowing and moving his head.

Make a screen, let four or five youngsters be behind it, each with their potato characters, and as they say the words of the charade, burlesque, or tragedy, let these potato men perform. It is capital fun, and beats Punch and Judy out of the field.

Potato men have amiable dispositions. They are generally friendly, fond of shaking hands, embracing and nodding their heads cordially at each other. They also have a thoughtful way of rubbing their foreheads that is very funny. Sometimes they fight, we admit, but they don't bang each other all the time as Punch and Judy do. Try them.

Squash Pie.

One cup of squash thoroughly mixed with one cup of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of ginger, if not very strong, two eggs, and one pint of milk; this makes one pie in a deep round pan; made without any crust they are more wholesome but less passable at table, except made in individual pie pans.

Cup Cake.

One cup of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, two cups of flour, piece of butter size of an egg, two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, one of soda; bake in patty pans.

Boston Cake.

One cup of sugar, two eggs, two cups of flour, half a cup of butter stirred to a cream, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda.

Widowers never die of grief. Just let them alone and they'll soon re-wive.

Poultry.

LATE CHICKENS.

Chickens hatched in July or the first part of August do not generally live and thrive equally with those hatched earlier in the season. April is the best month, March and May the next best, and we would have little or no hatching done in June and none in July. When, however, the "back of the summer is broken," we may contrive to have chickens produced the last week in August, and from that time until about September 20th; and such late chickens will almost always prove vigorous and easy to rear. True, they will not be of large size when mature, for the winter will check their growth; but for laying in the fall at a time when other fowls are moulting, they will prove very valuable. After the third week in September we should allow no hatching, for the severity of the weather and growing scarcity of insect forage are very unfavorable for young chickens.

MANAGEMENT OF SITTING HENS.

I have, says a writer in the *Journal of Horticulture*, a cellar into which the frost cannot penetrate, and which I keep in total darkness. Even in the coldest weather, by this method, I find a hen may be off her eggs for a couple of hours without much harm; but should it unfortunately happen that a hen comes off and the eggs are cold, I at once put them into a bowl of warm water, and as soon as they are nicely warm, I put them back to the hen or to another hen, and they rarely fail to hatch.

SUPERPHOSPHATE APPLIED IN THE FALL.

The fact that no demand is made upon the soil for phosphoric acid by the wheat plant, until the grain begins to be formed, seems to point to the fall as not being the proper season for applying superphosphate. And yet it is generally applied with the seed. Being mostly soluble, the phosphoric acid is in danger of being carried, by the copious rains of autumn and winter and the melting snows of spring, beyond the reach of the roots of the wheat. And here, probably, is the reason that we hear so much of the lack of expected results after applying this manure. Applied in the spring in the shape of a top-dressing, it would be within reach of the plant at the season when it is required; and this we believe to be the most rational mode of using it. We have had better results with superphosphate and guano as a top-dressing early in spring, and a light harrowing immediately afterwards, than with either sown with the seed in the drill.—*Hearth and Home.*

THE TWENTY LARGEST CITIES IN THE COUNTRY.

The following is a list of the twenty most populous cities in the country, with their population, according to the completed census returns. For the sake of comparison, the population of the same cities in 1860 is also given, together with the rate per cent of increase in ten years:—

No.	Cities.	1870.	1860.	Per Cent.
1	New York,	922,531	805,658	14.6
2	Philadelphia,	674,022	565,529	19.2
3	Brooklyn,	596,390	506,661	18.7
4	St. Louis,	310,804	190,773	63.4
5	Chicago,	298,983	109,290	173.7
6	Baltimore,	267,354	212,418	25.9
7	Boston,	250,526	177,840	40.9
8	Cincinnati,	216,239	161,041	34.3
9	New Orleans,	191,322	108,675	75.5
10	San Francisco,	149,482	56,802	163.2
11	Buffalo,	117,715	81,129	45.1
12	Washington,	109,204	61,122	78.8
13	Newark,	105,978	71,94	46.1
14	Louisville,	100,763	68,033	48.1
15	Cleveland,	92,846	48,417	113.9
16	Pittsburg,	86,235	49,217	75.3
17	Jersey City,	81,744	29,226	179.7
18	Detroit,	79,580	45,619	74.5
19	Milwaukee,	71,499	45,246	58.1
20	Albany,	69,422	62,567	11.4

Bee Keeping.

FALL MANAGEMENT OF BEES.

The first serious frost stops the honey gathering for the season. Pollen is found after frost, and eagerly stored on all warm days during the fall.

If there are any weak colonies, or late swarms that need feeding, it should be done now, for one pound given now is worth two given later.

There are few localities in the Northwest where bees have not done well the season just closing. From all quarters we have most encouraging reports. More honey has been obtained this year than in the last three combined. This is due partly to the season, but even more, we think to the increasing interest in bee keeping, improvement in management, the introduction of the Italian bee, and to the more general use of the Honey Slinger. We are very sure that there are no poor honey seasons in Iowa, if bees are so managed as to be strong at all times, and ready to gather the honey whenever it is secreted plentifully.

As soon as possible after frost, the exact state of each colony should be ascertained. Many hives we are sure will be found to contain too much honey for safety. Bees cannot cluster in the way they naturally do, if the combs are full of sealed honey. If there is much pleasant weather through the fall, colonies strong in number will use up the honey from the central combs, and make comfortable quarters for themselves, but if the weather confines them much to the hives they will not do it. It is best to make them comfortable at once, by removing one or more full combs from the center of the hive, replacing them by empty ones. An exchange between the combs of a rich hive and one not so well provisioned may be made to the advantage of both. If you have no poor colonies to which to give the full combs, put them safely away until spring, hung in an empty hive in a dry room. We have found it an advantage to many hives, to remove one full comb, and then move all the remaining ones a little, thus giving more room between them. Those who have an Extractor, will find it best to empty one or two combs entire, but a warm day must be chosen for doing this, as the honey does not empty well when it is cold.

We will give soon our views on wintering, based on our experience, and endeavor to aid our readers to prevent the great losses which too often occur through ignorance.—*Mrs. E. S. Tupper, in Iowa Homestead.*

PRESERVING FRUIT WITH HONEY.

Many of our friends have honey in abundance this year, who may not know that fruit of many kinds, preserved with it, is even nicer than when sugar is used. Grapes, plums, and all kinds of crab-apples are especially nice. Jam or "butter," made with honey is delicious, whatever fruit is used. We have preserved grapes in this way for years, as follows:

Seven pounds of fruit (in perfect bunches if possible,) 4 pounds of honey, 1 pint of good cider vinegar, and spices of any or all kinds, to suit the taste. Boil the honey and vinegar together, with the spice tied in a cloth; pack the grapes closely in a jar, and turn the boiling syrup over them. If it is sealed at once no further care is necessary—it will keep for years. If not sealed, the syrup should be turned off the ninth day, re-boiled, and turned again on the fruit.—*Mrs. Tupper.*